TUFTS UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/cherryfairstargr00auln

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. XC.

CHERRY AND FAIR STAR.

A

GRAND EASTERN SPECTACLE.

IN TWO ACTS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED IN

ALL THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK

SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 Nassau Street.

PR 3991 .A1 C43 1800

Cast of the Characters.—(*Cherry and Fair Star.*)

	Park, N. Y., 1831.	*Bowery, N. Y.*, 1855.	*Boston*, 1847.	*Cleveland, O.*, 1856
King of Damascus,	Mr. Wheatley	Mr. Gillespie	Mr. W. German	Mr. G. H. Gilbert
Giaffer, Chief Magistrate of the City,	Woodhull	Fitzgerald	Bridges	C. F. Walters
Nourreddin, an Officer,	Nexsen	Reed	H. Russell	D. A. Ryan
Sanguinbeck,	Simpson	W. Ward	W. M. Flemming	D. S. Palmer
Topack,	Jervis	Winans	Placide	F. A. Vincent
Hassanbad,	Foot	Edwards	J. G. Gilbert	John Ellsler
Gaib,	Broad	Downing,	Adams	
Norab,	Sims	Williams	Parsons	
Captain of the port,	Richings	Samwell	Stevens	W. Jamison
Fire King,	Richings	Post	Parker	D. W. Leeso
Cherry,	Miss Kelly	Mrs. Brelsford	Mrs. H. Cramel	Mrs. Effie Ellsler
Tradesmen,	Messrs. Nexsen, &c.	Messrs. ———	Messrs. Johnson, &c.	Messrs. Schenk, &c
Aririana,	Mrs. De Luce	Miss Denham	Mrs. Phillips	Miss Bennett
Papillo,	Bancker	Temple	Miss Boquet	Mrs. Gilbert
Fair Star,	Hilson	C. Alford	Wagstaff	Palmer
Gossamer,				Miss Rutter

Ladies of Cyprus, Fairies, Knights, Soldiers, Sailors, Dragon, Salamanders.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance Left.* R. *First Entrance Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.—(*Cherry and Fair Star.*)

KING—Full Turkish robes, satin trousers, jeweled turban, &c.

GIAFFER—Rich velvet shirt, blue satin trousers, robe and jeweled turban.

NOURREDDIN—Velvet shirt, trousers, fly and turban.

SANGUINBECK—Shipped Greek trunks, half body, fleshings.—*Second dress:* Similar to Giaffer.

TOPACK—Dark shirt, trousers, fly.—*Second dress:* Handsome shirt, trousers, turban and robe.

GAIB—Brown shirt, trousers, turban, and fly.

NORAB—Ibid.

CAPT. OF THE PORT—Similar to Giaffer.

FIRE KING—Red spangled shirt and trousers, helmet, turban, &c.

CHERRY—*First dress:* Plain blue shirt, white trousers, &c.—*Second dress:* Splendid.

TRADESMEN—Plain Turkish dresses.

HUNTERS—Green shirts, trousers, &c.

ARIRIANA, }
PAPILLO, } Fairy dresses.
GOSSAMER, }

FAIR STAR—*First dress:* Plain Turkish.—*Second dress:* Spangled skirt and body, fly, turban, &c.

CHERRY AND FAIR STAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A most picturesque forest, with water falls—birds of all descriptions are flying, feeding and perching on the branches—while faries with wings, are flying—others come dancing on—all partaking of dresses of feathers.*

CHORUS—Faries.

Morning dews the sun dispelling,
Fairy spirits quit your dwelling;
Leave your groves with flow'rets crown'd,
Quit each shady haunt around;
On your fleecy pinions borne,
While bright Sol the hills adorn,
Spirits of the buoyant air,
Hither, hither, quick repair.

1*st. Fai.* Say, why does our mistress, Queen of our tribe, the potent Aririana, summon us hither?

2*d. Fai.* As yet we know not, but it is our duty to obey her will. But see the dove of Venus, the messenger of our mistress, descends and lo! our Queen appears.

[*The Queen of the Fairies descends in a Car composed of feathers of the peacock, &c.*

Fai. Hail! all powerful mistress, Queen Aririana!

Queen. This ready attendance, at my call, claims my thanks; but one I miss whom most I needed. Where is Papillo, my nimble spright?

Music—Enter Papillo, L. H.

Pap. Potent Queen, pardon my tardy attendance.

Queen. Papillo, to thy care I must consign a charge, that claims my most especial care, see you well perform my bidding—listen! A youth

and maiden, who, from their infancy I have guarded from the wicked designs of their oppressors, now need my more than usual protecting power; which task I assign to thee Papillo. Speed thee to the cluster of Isles, which stand in the midst of the Great Sea; to the one whose bold and rugged promomtory will mark it out from all the rest; on that Island you will find the objects of my care, whose forms will at once assure you, 'tis them you must protect—guard the youth and maiden from the wicked power of their persecutors; assume such forms as time or circumstance may direct. Be vigilant, and be sure of reward most ample. Away, to your task.

SONG.—Queen and Chorus of Faries.

Light skim thro' the air,
To yon Isle quick repair;
Let no danger invade
The youth, or the maid!
To your task then away,
My commands straight obey.

Papillo.

To my task I'll away,
Your commands to obey.

Chorus.

To your task then away,
Your commands straight obey.

[*Papillo exits*, L. H., *the Queen*, L. H. U. E., *the others exeunt*, U. E. L. H., *and* R. H.

SCENE II.—*The front represents a forest with a view of the sea and part of a wrecked vessel in the distanee—a high promontory.*

[Sanguinbeck *appears on the overhanging cliff*, R. H. U. E.,—*he descends—he is exhausted and his dress in disorder—Music.*

Sang. So—landed with life, the cargo and crew gone to the bottom; well, Sanguinbeck, this is not the first time fortune has frown'd on you yet never more severely, for when a prisoner in the dungeons of Cyprus, e'en there she befriended you. My strength had almost failed me as I clang to the overhanging rock, faint and exhausted, no habitation near, no relief. I am faint with hunger and my limbs forsake me. [*Music—falls.*

[*A voice calls without*—Hillio! Hillio! R. U. E.

Sang. Hark, a voice! Hillio! again! I know the sound.

[*Voice again*—Hillio!

Sang. 'Tis nearer! [Topack *appears on the rock*, R. H. U. E.] Ah! it is Topack, my slave, whom I have ever treated with severity; well, well, we are equals now.

Top. Hillio!

Sang. Hillio! hillio! Topack! it is I, thy master.

Top. Master, is it you?

Sang. Ay, come! come!

[*Topack runs to him as fast as he can down the rock.—Music.*

Top. Master, master, I thought I was the only being saved of all our crew.

Sang. No, you have a partner in your suffering; once your master now your fellow.

Top. Nay, master, you are still my commander: the ship is gone, but her captain's saved, and while you are above water, Topack will serve you.

Sang. Honest fellow! but how to steer? in what latitude are we?

Top. [*Looking about—Music.*] Oh! master, mark!

[*Starts in horror.*

Sang. Well, what alarms you?

Top. Remember you not this land?

Sang. No, never before to my knowledge saw I it.

Top. Yes, master but we have.

Sang. When?

Top. 'Tis long since.

Sang. On what cruise?

Top. A wicked one! remember you the two infants of Cyprus, who——

Sang. Ay, I see, I know, I now remember, yet if—but no, it cannot be; it is, it is the shore, the overhanging cliff! each circumstance, like a tale long forgot, now returns with double force upon my memory. It was here, here, on this very shore, I left them naked and exposed to the mercy of Providence. [*Music—falls.*

Top. Nay, master, master, if——

[*Hassanbad without*—Hillio! Hillio! P. S.

Top. Some one approaches. Master! Master!

Enter HASSANBAD, R. H.

Hass. Hillio! hillio! boy! Where can this son of mine have strayed? I have been on the alert since daybreak, and not a single animal have I started, biped or quadruped! Last night's storm has driven all into their coverts, and he has pursued them to their retreats. Hollo! what game have we here? of what breed are you? speak if you can!

Top. Master! master!

Hass. Now, who, and what are you, that are stretching yourselves on the ground like wounded deer?

Sang. Shipwrecked strangers.

Hass. What, by last night's storm?

Sang. Even so.

Hass. It was a terrible one indeed; but we are used to them on this island, and a hurricane at night is a sure token of a brilliant morning. At what point were you wrecked?

Sang. Yonder, at the foot of that high promontory. There beneath the devouring waves, all I once possessed lies buried, and we are almost expiring for want of food.

Hass. Why, then, follow me, and you shall have it. [*Going*, R. H.

Sang. Thanks! thanks.

Hass. From whence came you?

Sang. From the port of Bosora.

Hass. And whether were ye bound?

Sang. To Carthagena, with merchandise.

Hass. And all gone to the bottom?

Sang. All except myself, the master, and this poor fellow.

Hass. Well, well, cheer up! for what can be done to comfort you, freely will I give. Our Island is not over wealthy, but I have enough, and something to spare for the unfortunate; and the poor shipwreck'd sufferers, of any nation, have the first claim to what humanity can bestow: so come, my dwelling is not far distant. I was pursuing my morning sport in the chase, and if instead of killing a buck, I have rescued two fellow creatures from an untimely end, I shall think it the best morning's work I ever had. So, come, come!

[*Music.—Exeunt*, R. H.

SCENE III.—*The villa and grounds of Hassanbad*, L. H. 3 E.—*the villa on one side with green blinds—flat roofed in the Turkish or Italian style the grounds neat and fanciful—various plants—in the centre among others, an Aloe in a tub*

[*Enter* FAIR STAR *from the house*, L. H. 3 E.

F. Star. Cherry and my father not yet returned from the chase; they stay unusually long this morning. I wish my brother was not so fond of the sports of the forest; I fear, each morn of his departure, some accident before his return—hark! hark! 'tis the horn—no—no, it was but the wind! I'll ascend the hill, and try if I can discern his approach. [*Exit*, R. H.

[*The Aloe opens and expands its flowers, and the fairy Papillo is seen to rise from it—she alights and comes forward.*

Pap. So, yonder is the villa that contains the objects of my care—now, I must do the bidding of my mistress Aririana. But what shape shall I assume? I will try the touchstone of charity. Ah! Fair Star comes! I must away! [*Hides behind* R. U. E.

Re-enter FAIR STAR, R. H.

F. Star. What do I see! the aloe in bloom? Sure some spirit hovers o'er our Island. I have strained my eyes in vain, I cannot discern them! If they were near, I am sure my brother would give the accustomed signal of his approach, by sounding his horn; I am very, very uneasy at his stay.

PAPILLO *appears as a poor old woman*, R. U. E.

F. Star. What want you, good woman?

Pap. Charity, charity, sweet maid! Alack! I am old and poor and have travelled far.

F. Star. There, there is a piece of gold to assist you on your way.

Pap. Thanks, thanks! [*Starts at seeing her hand.*

F. Star. What alarms you?

Pap. Let me behold the lines of your hand, sweet maid, and I will tell you if my thoughts are true.

F. Star. There. [*Showing her hand.*

Pap. I was right—these lines fortell days to come, of wonderous change of fortuue to thee and thine.

F. Star. If you know aught relating to me, my brother, or my dear father, Hassanbad, impart it.

Pap. Hassanbad is not thy father.

F. Star. Not my father?

Pap. No.

F. Star. But is he the father of Cherry?

Pap. Of neither, nor are ye natives of these shores.

F. Star. How know you this? and if it be true, oh, tell me who my parents are?

Pap. The secret is veiled in obscurity, which time alone can clear. Nay, scorn not my words, Fair Star! and so, farewell!

[*She vanishes,* R. H.

F. Star. Nay, nay, stay, and tell me if—she is gone—vanished! have my senses wandered? No, such a one I beheld, and still her words dwell on my ear; Hassanbad is not thy father, nor the father of Cherry, nor are ye natives of this land!

Hass. [*Without,* R. H.] Come, come, cheer up, you're at home now.

F. Star. Ha! it is my father, Hassanbad; good heavens! two strangers, and Cherry not with him! I cannot now encounter them, this strange woman, and her words have made such deep impression on my heart; I would fain chase them away, but it will not be. Ah! they are here! I must begone! [*Music.—Exit into house,* L. H.

Enter HASSANBAD, *showing in* SANGUINBECK *and* TOPACK, R. H.

Hass. So, so, that's well: here we are at last; to the hungry and weary, every yard seems a furlong. Gaib! Norab!

Enter GAIB *and* NORAB, L. H.

Hass. Quick, a seat! a seat! [*they exit and re-enter bringing on table and seats.*] Now wine and refreshments. Quick, quick! these two poor fellows were shipwrecked last night on our coast, and need our aid. Why in the name of all that is wonderful, what have we here? the aloe in blossom! why it has sprung up like a dart; it was scarce freed from the root this morning, when I went forth to the chase. [*The table spread, Topack devours most eagerly.*] So, so, but gently, gently, my good fellow, or you'll choke yourself—he bolts like an ostrich—spare not, but don't rat it so fast; your master would have but a bad chance with you, if you and he were obliged to share the last days ration—so, that's well; there, and now a cup of right muscadine to

warm the salt water in your stomach; come, I'll join you. [*Drinks.*] Well, and now, how feel you after that?

Sang. Thanks, refreshed in body and in spirit.

Hass. That's well; and, you my other friend, how are you after your repast—better?

Top. Yes.

Hass. Why you look better, your sallow cheek has the tinge of health on it already, and your eye sparkles like a brilliant jet!

Top. You are merry, sir——

Hass. Merry! and so shall you be too, anon; for I am sure by your face you are a merry fellow! I wish I could say as much for your master: but true, he has cause for being sad! all gone! well, well, come, sir, t'other glass.

Sang. No more, I am recruited well, and in such an enchanting place health and strength must quick return.

Hass. You like it then, that's well; if good food, a comfortable couch, and the sports of the chase can compensate for the loss of your vessel, why partake of them freely 'till you can again find means to return to your native place. Gaib, where's my daughter?

Gaib. In the conservatory, sir.

Hass. Tell her to come to me. I want to introduce two strangers to her. [*Exit Gaib and Norab in house.*

Sang. You have children then?

Hass. Children! Aye, and two as lovely ones as ever blessed mortal man.

Sang. Girls?

Hass. No, fortune has been kind to me, in giving me one of each.

Sang. Of what age are they?

Hass. Humph!

Sang. Of what age are they?

Hass. Age! by the lord, I can hardly tell. Some sixteen or seventeen! and I'll challenge all nature to surpass them; but you shall judge of my daughter, for here she comes.

Enter FAIR STAR *from the house.*

Hass. Ah! my star of beauty! [*Comes to her.*] the blessings of the morn on you! I have picked up two poor fellows who were cast on our shore this morning from a vessel wrecked in last night's storm; and you must cheer and bid them welcome.

[*He passes Fair Star across to Sanguinbeck, who, on the instant he sees her, starts—and Topack who has been busy eating, the moment he sees her, drops what he has in his hand.—Music.*

Sang. Powers of——

Top. Ah! [*Sanguinbeck stops his mouth.*

F. Star. The strangers are faint: help! father!

Hass. How now, sir!

Sang. Pardon! it was but a sudden faintness; it is passed——

Hass. Will you retire to an apartment? daughter, prepare a chamber. [*Exit Fair Star into house.*

Sang. No, the air—the soft breeze will quick restore me to myself.

Hass. Come, come! well, and now how are you? I suppose my daughter's charms surprised you, sir, eh, eh!

Sang. True, true, I was surprised; the mark on her forehead of a brilliant star, caused my wonder. [*Looking at Topack.*

Hass. The star! yes, and so I call her Fair Star.

Sang. And she is your daughter?

Hass. My daughter! to be sure, whose do you think she is? Why do you ask that?

Sang. Nay but from a strange coincidence of appearances that——

Hass. Of appearances——

Sang. Aye, to a tale that was the talk of the whole city from whence I came, and thus it ran. Some sixteen or seventeen years since——

Hass. Seventeen years!

Sang. A lovely girl was stolen——

Hass. A girl stolen!

Enter FAIR STAR, L. H.

Sang. And boy too——

Hass. Ay!

Sang. The one marked with a precious jewel, like to a brilliant star—the other, one of a ruby tint.

Hass. A ruby tint!

F. Star. What do I hear?

Sang. Both placed on their foreheads.

Hass. Indeed! [*Topack is about to speak, Sanguinbeck stops him.*] and who, or what was the villain, that could deprive a parent of their children.

Sang. Of that the tale is silent.

Hass. More's the pity; for the wretch who could deprive a parent two lovely infants, should have been branded by the hand of Providence with some mark so indelible, that all men might know him.

Sang. A mark! ah, it will discover me.

Hass. Oh! that I knew him and were near him, I'd fix my fangs on his flesh fast as a hound on his prey, and never loose my hold till I had seen the bowstring twisted tight round his inhuman throttle!

Sang. Oh! he is punished be sure on't while he exists.

Hass. Punished! a life of misery cannot atone for such an act; but your pardon, I interrupted your story—where, where, where were they left?

Sang. On the sea shore.

Hass. How long since?

Sang. About seventeen years.

Hass. 'Tis true, and I—I saved them!

Sang. You! you!

Hass. I—I——

Sang. How? how?

Hass. I will relate it briefly. Thus, then, it was; I was once a poor, yet, I trust an honest man, who lived by the labor of my hands. In

my morning's walk along the shore, my eyes were attracted by two lovely infants laying naked, and exposed on the sands, who, on seeing me, stretched for'h their little hands, and in speechless suplication seemed to implore my protection, I took them in my arms, and hastened home, where my wife with the fondness of a mother, nursed and reared them until they were twelve years of age, at which time my wife died, and left me the sole care of these two children, but they are none of mine—I am not their father.

F. Star. [*Behind the Aloe exclaims.*] Not my father!

[*Music.—they start.*

Hass. What was that? I thought I heard—no, no—it was nothing! so stranger you have the story of this youth and maiden, and if you are acquainted with their parents divulge it, and——

[*Topack is about to speak—Sanguinbeck stops him—Exit F. Star,* R. H.

Sang. Oh! what joy, what bliss it would afford me, if I was the blessed means of restoring them to their disconsolate parents. [*Topack again attempts to speak.*] But how became you, once so poor, now so rich?

Hass. Ay that is my own secret! and though I have been drawn into the divulging of that which I have related to you, I can keep the rest. But this much I'll tell you, I gained them by no dishonest means. And, stranger for the assistance I afforded you, I exact but one promise.

Sang. Name it, name it!

Hass. Not to reveal what you are entrusted with to either of the young people.

Sang. I promise.

Hass. 'Tis well, and now let's in, an hour's rest will ease your weary limbs. Come, and for this welcome all I ask is your secresy on what you have heard. Come, come!

[*Music.—Exeunt into house—Topack and Sanguinbeck exchanging looks as they enter.*

SCENE IV.—*The forest—the chase.*

CHORUS.

Horns sound and are echoed behind

1*st. Hunter.* Hillio! hillio! hillio! [*Echoed.*

Enter 1*st* HUNTER, R. H.

Hark, hark, over valley and hill,
From dell and woodland around,
Over streamlet and murmuring rill,
Sweet echo replies to the sound.
Hillio! hillio! hillio! [*Echoed,* R. H.

[*Answered*, L. H.] This way—hark! they reply,
Thro' thicket and covert they bound;
From dingle and brake they draw nigh
While echo replies to the sound.
Hillio! hillio! hillio! [*Echoed.*

Enter HUNTERS, L. H.

1*st. Hun.* Welcome, brother to the chase,
Our master's footsteps did you trace?
2*d. Hun.* The tangled thickets we have beat,
Yet in vain our master seek.
1*st. Hun.* Sound the horn, that each swelling note,
On the passing gale may smoothly float.
[*Horn echoed.*
Gherry. [*Behind.*] Hillio! hillio! hillio!
1*st. Hun.* Hark, hark! that way comes the sound,
Our lov'd master we have found.
Cherry. [*Behind.*] Hillio! hillio! hillio!
1*st. Hun.* Listen to his wished reply;
His well known voice we can descry.
Cherry. Hillio! hillio!
1*st. Hun.* Hark! hark!—hillio! hillio! is the cry.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.—*A forest.*

Enter CHERRY, R. H.

Cherry. Why, was there ever any thing so perplexing! I hear the voices of my companions in the chase near me, yet cannot encounter them. I am quite exhausted with pursuing the sound, and must rest awhile on this bank: I'll hang my horn and spear on the branch of this tree, that they may know where to find me, if they pass this way. I am very tired, and very hungry too, but I cannot resist the desire to repose awhile. [*Lays down and falls asleep.*

[*The back part of the wood gradually opens, and through a mist shows a city in a distance—the Fairy Papillo is seen through a mist, and Cherry standing before her in an attitude of wonder.—Music.*

Pap. (L. H.) Cherry, why look you thus amazed?

Cherry. (R. H.) At thy form, sweet spirit, for so I conclude you are, and not one of this earth.

Pap. True, and my errand here is to impart to you news of deepest import.

Cherry. To me?

Pap. Aye, to thee, Cherry.

Cherry. And what news is that, sweet spirit?

Pap. To tell you you are not the son of Hassanbad.

Cherry. Not the son of Hassanbad?

Pap. No; nor are you of this land.

Cherry. What place then?

Pap. See'st thou yon stately city?

Cherry. I do.

Pap. That is the land of thy birth.

Cherry. And of Fair Star's too?

Pap. Ay, which city you and Fair Star must embark for by sunset this evening.

Cherry. By what means? In what way must we reach it?

Pap. Behold yon gallant vessel! [*The waves, and a splendid Galley appear in the distance.—Music.*] that, that shall convey you to your native city.

Cherry. And where shall I find that Galley?

Pap. Within an hour—mark well—an hour! do you and Fair Star repair to the shore, where all shall be in readiness. Fail not, or woe and misery will follow. Obey, and power, wealth and happiness are thine and Fair Star's. Remember within an hour—farewell!

[*Music.—the wood closes on the vision—The fairy Papillo goes to the horn, touches it—the horn sounds—Cherry struggles in his sleep.*

Cherry. Yes, yes, I hear! hither! hither this way! this way! now comrades, [*Starts up,*] not here! I'm sure the horn sounded—and—no, no, and yet I heard it distinctly, and in my sleep beheld the most angelic form! it spoke of Fair Star, my sister too, and——

F. Star. [*Without.*] Cherry! Cherry!

Cherry. Ah! that voice! it is—it is—it is my sister.

Music.—Enter FAIR STAR, L. H.

F. Star. Oh brother, have I found you?

Cherry. Dear sister!

F. Star. Why have you staid so long?

Cherry. Dear Fair Star the chase overcame me, and I sank on that bank to repose awhile, when——

F. Star. Oh brother! I have such news for you.

Cherry. And I have such things to tell you Fair Star! Scarce had I laid me down, when a figure like an angel stood before me, and told me I was not the son of Hassanbad.

F. Star. Good heavens!

Cherry. And that we were both born in a distant city.

F. Star. Is it possible!

Cherry. And that before night we must quit this shore.

F. Star. Quit this shore!

Cherry. And sail for the land of our birth.

F. Star. It is true, brother! all is true! [*In great joy.*] I overheard Hassanbad, whom we always thought our father, tell it to a stranger, he brought home with him this morning; he said, we were not his children.

Cherry. But can yon tell me by what means we are to reach the city?

F. Star. No.

Cherry. A beautiful ship is to be ready at the shore in an hour from

this time, and I promised on my oath to be with you, prepared to embark in it.

F. Star. Can it be Cherry?

Cherry. Yes, in such a grand vessel, sure no king yet ever was master of.

F. Star. Dear brother, let us quick make for the house and prepare.

Cherry. Have with you, sister! for I feel as if new life and strength were imparted to me, since this news: come, come then, away, dear sister. [*Music.—Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Villa of Hassanbad.*

Enter SANGUINBECK, *from the house*, L. H.

Sang. Found! found! what is best to be done? Return with them to Cyprus, I dare not; no, no, the vengeance of my employer in their destruction would overwhelm me. This slave too, knows the secret, and his soft and tender nature, may tempt him to divulge it. [*Topack has listened.*] Topack, you know me well! know I am not one to be easy dealt with; you are in possession of the plot laid against this fair maid and her brother; now mark me—swear——

Top. Look, look, master—see, see!

Sang. Perdition! it is the boy! both preserved.

Enter CHERRY *and* FAIR STAR, R. H.

Sang. Sweet maid, your father has wondered at your long absence, and is most anxious to see you.

Cherry. Not more, sir, than my sister and myself are to see him, so pardon, pray, our thus abruptly leaving you.

[*Music.—Cherry and Fair Star exit into house.*

Sang. What a form! how noble! if he should e'er discover that—[*Topack is sneaking toward the house.*] Ah! slave, remember your oath! remember the dagger is quick in its operation! breathe but a word, give but a sign, a look, and I plunge it in your heart. [*A noise heard within of disputing.*] Hark! hark! what tumult this——

Enter HASSANBAD, CHERRY *and* FAIR STAR.

Hass. Why, was there ever such romantic folly heard of before!

Cherry. Dear Hassanbad, it must be so.

Hass. What, quit me, your father?

Cherry. No power can alter me.

Sang. What is the dispute, sir?

Hass. Why, some spirit has taken possession of them I think, they vow to leave me; me, who have more than sixteen years nourished them.

Sang. Leave you! why young sir——

Hass. Some phrenzy has possessed him; he talks of an irresistable impulse to visit some strange city—that he will embark on the instant.

Sang. Embark! on board of what vessel?

Hasst Nay I know not; one of coral, I suppose, borne on the back of dolphins, or I know not what. Now, dear Cheary, my dear boy!

Cherry. It is in vain to oppose me, no power can alter me, and I must be gone, ere another hour is past.

Hass. Well, if you have the power to build a ship, strong and yare, with mast and tackle tight, within an hour's space, I'll not oppose you, but on the contrary, we'll joyfully bear you company.

Cherry. Do you promise that?

Hass. I do.

Cherry. Truly?

Hass. Aye—truly!

Cherry. } Dear Hassanbad.
F. Star. }

Sang. And if it be so, and you will accept of the aid and service of one who knows all points the various winds do blow, to steer your vessel to the wished for port, I am willing to be your captain, young sir.

Top. And I your master.

Hass. Ha! ha! well said, when the ship is *built* though, ha, ha, ha!

Cherry. I hold you all to your several promises: make ready Hassanbad to meet me at the shore in less space than one short hour, and if you find not a vessel, gallant built and rigged, I will be content to remain and endure your taunts and sneers. If it be as I said, you are content to sail with me.

Hass. I am—I am—as far as wind and water will carry us.

Cherry. 'Tis well—come, come—let us in and prepare for the voyage.

Hass. Little preparation will serve for such voyage, I fancy.

Cherry. Well, well, wait but an hour and be convinced.

Hass. I shall, I shall—ha, ha!

[*Exit Cherry, Hassanbad and Fair Star into house.*

Sang. Should this romantic project prove real, I shall have them again within my power. If a vessel be prepared by any superhuman means, as he avows it will, I will steer them to some distant shore, where I may secure them beyond escape. Remember your oath, and if this prove true, you shall henceforth participate in my fortunes;—come, away! [*Exeunt into house.*

SCENE VII.—*A picturesque Landscape.*

ARIRIANA *and* FAIRIES, R. H., *meet* PAPILLO, L. H.—*Music.*

Ariri. Now, my trusty Papillo, have you drawn the objects of your care to the appointed place?

Pap. I have, fair Queen.

Ariri. Was the galley ready for their reception?

Pap. It was, and at anchor close on the sands, as you commanded.

Ariri. With sail and tackle well supplied?

Pap. All, and of most costly materials are they composed.

Ariri. Did you see them embark?

Pap. I did.

Ariri. And quit the shore?

Pap. Aye.

Ariri. Who accompanies them in their voyage?

Pap. Hassanbad, the long supposed father.

Ariri. Who beside?

Pap. Two, who but this morn were wrecked on this very shore.

Ariri. I know them well! and *one* of them shall in time meet the punishment his wicked deeds deserve. But speed thee, my Papillo, to the vessel, and mark my words; what course soe'er this stranger steers for, do you so guide the galley, that it make for no other port but that of Cyprus. Quick away!

Pap. I am gone, all potent mistress, to do thy bidding

[*Song, Aririana.—Exeunt Papillo,* R. H. *the rest,* L. H.

SCENE VIII.—*The Port and Pier of Cyprus—a tower or light house on one side—a parapet wall close down with the front of the stage—the stage thrown open to the very extent at the sides and back—the pier is crowded with the citizens of Cyprus to see the galley enter the port—guns firing, shouting &c.—the galley comes from the very back part of the stage, and after making several tacks, passes round the light house and pier, and enters the harbor of Cyprus.*

CHERRY, FAIR STAR, HASSANBAD, TOPACK *and* SANGUINBECK, *are seen on the deck.*

CHORUS.

Sentinel. On Omar's tower the signals fly,
To warn us of some vessel nigh,
Quick, the floodgates open, let in the tide,
The gallant barque in port can safely ride.

[*The floodgates are opened and the waters are seen to fill the harbor*

Hark! hark! the rolling drum,
And martial trumpets loud
Proclaim them great that come!
And, see, along the pier they crowd,
And on the pebly shore they stand,
To bid the strangers welcome to our land!

[*The pier is filled with spectators and soldiers with military band.*

Sound the trumpet! let the cannons roar!
Wave the Grecian flag on high!
A barque so gallant ne'er before,
Anchor'd on our Cyprus shore,
As that which now draws nigh!
[*The galley enters the harbor.*
Huzza—huzza—hark! along the strand,
They shout a welcome to our land.
Huzza! huzza!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The grove of Illusion—a beautiful grove, which is for a time obscured by a thin airy vapor, that gradually disperses and shows an interminable range of beautiful trees and shrubs.*

PAPILLO *enters, and calls together her fairy troop, who as they enter the grove, their numbers are multiplied ad infinitum; and every dance and gesture is by means of reflectors and illusion quadrupled to them.*

Enter QUEEN ARIRIANA.

Queen. Have you landed your charge safe in Cyprus?

Pap. I have, my Queen.

Queen. 'Tis well; and for thy care, thou shalt rove through my groves and walks unrestrained in all thy pleasures, when this pair are free from danger.

Pap. Are they not so my Queen?

Queen. Not yet; for the youth must pass the ordeal of adversity, which surmounted, he will meet a generous reward.

Pap. And what further duties must I render him?

Queen. You must work upon his valor, to unravel the hidden secret of his birth and Fair Star's. More you shall learn hereafter, for the present, speed to Cyprus, and interpose thy power, wheresoe'er it chance thee, to aid them. Away to Cyprus. [*Exeunt* L. *and* R.

SCENE II.—*The Ramparts and Walls, with a general view of the port and city of Cyprus.*

Enter SOLDIERS *carousing*, R. H.

GLEE.

1st verse. Pass the cup around, my hearts,
For wine 'tis imparts,
True joy to us traders in war;
Of Greek wine we'll quaff,
Troll the song sport and laugh,
And dance to the sprightly guitar.
Our fathers of old,
As we have been told,
Fir'd Troy for Helen, their beauty.
But we have no Menelaus,
For a lass now to slay us,
Yet to Venus pay homage and duty.
Then pass the cup around,
Dull care is aground,
As the sparkling Falernia we quaff.

2nd verse. Fam'd Achilles, the victor,
Slew intrepid bold Hector,

With his long Grecian javelin so stout,
And each warlike Trojan,
At home could not sojourn,
For he charged them, and put 'em to rout,
The fight being won,
Right blithely they sung,
With Ollahs they toss'd the cup up.
Drink around ere we part,
Nought enlivens the heart,
Like a draught from the sparkling cup;
Then pass the cup around &c.

[*Exeunt*, R .H.

Enter GIAFFER *and* NOURREDDIN, R. H.

Giaf. And could you not learn from whence they came?

Nour. No my Lord.

Giaf. And in a vessel so richly furnished, say you?

Nour Not surpassed by the famed Egyptian Queen's, when she sailed to meet the Roman Lord.

Giaf. Where dwell they?

Nour. In the Etruscan villa of the rich Arabian Merchant, of whom they have purchased it.

Giaf, So wealthy too?

Nour. The Galley, my Lord, was stowed with caskets of plate and jewels; and wardrobes of most costly apparel, half of which are scarcely disembarked.

Giaf. Have messengers been sent to command the appearance of the Captain of the Galley, before me?

Nour. They have, my Lord.

Giaf. Saw *you* the young pair, whose beauty you so extolled to me but now?

Nour. No, my Lord, but report bespeaks them to be handsome in their persons, though most strange in their appearance.

Giaf. Wherefore strange?

Nour. One of them, the female, has a mark on her forehead of a most brilliant star.

Giaf. [*Surprised.*] Ay!

Nour. The youth her brother, a jewel of a ruby color shines bright beneath his ringlets.

Giaf. [*Agitated.*] Indeed! of what age appear they?

Nour. By nearest guess not more than seventeen.

Giaf. It is not well, for such as you have described the owners of this vessel to be, thus to enter our port of Cyprns unannounced—and as chief Magistrate of the city, acting by order of the Queen, it is my duty to be most strict in my inquiries concerning these strangers—hasten therefore the approach of the Captain of the Galley.

[*Going*, R.

Nour. [*Going.*] He comes, my Lord.

Giaf. Where, which is the man?

Nour. He, who now approaches.

Giaf. That! is that the Captain of the Galley?

Nour. It is my Lord.

Giaf. I should know that face; and if—it is—it is—leave me, I will question him. [*Music.—Exit Nour*, R. H.

Enter SANGUINBECK *richly dressed*, L. H. *going* R.

Giaf. Stranger—

Sang. Is it me you mean?

Giaf. You;—I must speak with you—as chief Magistrate of this city, I demand to know from whence you came?

Sang. From the port of Bosora.

Giaf. As a merchant, to trade with us of Cyprus?

Sang. No, not so.

Giaf. Wherefore come you then?

Sang. But as a voyager. My master is of an inquiring mind, and wished amongst other cities famed for their greatness, to view that of Cyprus—no more.

Giaf. What rank, what title bears your master?

Sang. Title——

Giaf. Ay, title.

Sang. A private gentleman, no more.

Giaf, His name?

Sang. Hassanbad.

Giaf. And the youth and maiden are his children.

Sang. Yes, yes, sir——

Giaf. A most strange and costly Galley for a private man whose wealth, too, seems to surpass a monarch's revenue. Where abides your master!

Sang. At the rich Arabian merchant's.

Giaf. And you dwell with them?

Sang. Aye, sir.

Giaf. Were you ever in this city before?

Sang. No, never 'till now.

Giaf. Never?

Sang. No—never.

Giaf. So, farewell; [*Going*, L. H.] a short time hence and we may meet again. [*Music.—exit Giaffer*, L. H.

Sang. What may this mean? His words betrayed suspicion, after an absence of seventeen years, surely none can recognize me; and yet, his scrutinizing eye seemed to intimate a previous knowledge of me; and each word he uttered fell upon my ear, like the voice of one I tremble but to think of. If it should be—no—no—no—he is long since dead. and no living creature knows me but Topack—what accursed chance drove the vessel, spite of all my efforts to the very port I would have avoided? I must be cautious—should fortune favor me, for a time, I will store myself from the treasures of the vessel, and sail far, far from this dreadful city.

[*Music.—exit*, R. H.

SCENE III.—*The Etruscan Villa—the Vestibule looking on the sea, through a range of beautiful walks.*

Enter CHERRY, FAIR STAR, *and* HASSANBAD *richly dressed*, R. H. U.

Hass. Nay, nay, only consider.

Cherry. Now prithee father that was, don't thwart me; you are ever crossing me; had I followed your counsel, I and my dear sister might have remained all our lives on our solitary island, and never have visited this beautiful city.

Hass. Well, well dear boy, for still you are so, I only advise a little caution—not to be so lavish of the riches, which fortune has so miraculously sent you.

F. Star. Hassanbad advises well; do not so soon brother, mix with these strangers.

Cherry. Wherefore, dear sister, do they not court our acquaintance?

F. Star. True, but prove them first to be worthy our knowing, else let us pass our days in peace among ourselves, while we remain in this new habitation.

Cherry. Nay, dear sister, it were an offence to refuse their visits. I have returned answers to all who have sent their names, that I should be proud to see them this evening at our villa, where my dear sister shall shine like a queen among them. [*A noise without of talking.*

Hass. What tumult is that?

Cherry. It is Topack, whom I have appointed as my secretary, and master of the revels; and he's busy with the different tradesmen, artist's and others, making preparations to receive our guests in a manner befitting our fortunes.

Hass. Well, well; light come, light go. 'Tis true our ship was stowed with wealth enough to satisfy the most voluptuous; but it may lead to unhappiness.

Cherry. How so?

Hass. It may create a jealousy in the natives to see a stranger possessed of riches beyond the greatest lord among them; therefore dear boy be cautious.

Cherry. Nay fear me not; besides, the galley waits in the harbor, and if we find our situation here unpleasant, we can quit it at an hours notice. So be gay, dear sister, and dazzle all beholders with your beauty. And do you Hassanbad, receive and welcome our guests as they arrive. Come, come, away, and make ready for their reception. [*Exeunt Hassanbad top, rest*, L. H.

Music.—Enter TOPACK *with* TRADESMEN, ARTISTS, *&c.*

1*st Trades.* Worthy sir, permit me to offer this list.

2*nd Trades.* Be pleased to look at my inventory.

3*d Trades.* And mine.

4*th Trades.* And mine.

Top. Don't hurry me. Is all ready?

All. All, all.

Top. Fit for the reception of our guests.

All. All, all.

Top. Now for your accounts—what are you?

1*st Trades.* Purveyor, sir—purveyor to the late owner of this mansion, and hope for your honor's favors.

Top. Favors! oh true! you understand?

[*Points to the palm of his hand.*

1*st Trades.* If your honor would be pleased to accept of this.

[*Gives money to Topack. Topack crosses to each.*

2*nd Trades.* I furnished the house with wines.

Top. Hem! [*Holds out his hand.*

3*d Trades.* And I with silks and merchandize.

Top. Hem! [*Holds out his hand.*

4*th Trades.* I decorated the grand pavillion, and hope to——

Top. Hem! hem! [*Holds out his hand.*

All the Trades. If your honor—— / Would your honor—— / May I hope that——

Top. Ay, ay to be sure! you shall be retained—so to work, to work.

1*st Trades.* Bless your honor.
2*nd Trades.* Worthy sir——
3*d Trades.* Thanks, sir, thanks.
4*th Trades.* Long live the noble strangers.

All speak as they exeunt, R. H.

Music.—Topack laughing, and looking at the money he has received, when turning to go off, he is met by the little old woman.

Top. What want you here? begone!—This is no place for such as you.

Old W. Nay, good sir, refuse not aid to the poor and old.

Top. Old and poor are you? There's for your poverty, as for your age I cannot amend that.

Old W. Nay, it is not base money, that I want.

Top. No, what then?

Old W. An interview with your lady.

Top. My lady! you, you talk with her; she is not used to converse with the like of you.

Old W. And yet I *must* see her.

Top. Indeed you must not—so begone.

Old W. And you'll not conduct me to her?

Top. By our prophet, no! So no more words, but away.

Old W. Yet reflect—say you will——

Top. If I do, may my tongue never wag more!

Old W. Be it so, for the refusal of my request, be dumb, and so farewell. [*Exit* L. H.

[*Topack exults and seems to talk to himself, till at last he finds he has no voice, then his passion changes into grief.*

Enter HASSANBAD, L. H. U.

Hass. So, Mr. Secretary, or Major Domo, or whatsoever you are are the preparations ready?

Top. Ag—gag—gag.

Hass. What say you?
Top. Ag—gag—gag.
Hass. What the deuce do you mean? Speak to be understood.
Top. Ag—gag—gag.
Hass. Why, what ails you? Have you lost the use of your tongue!
Top. [*Nods.*]
Hass. What! dumb?
Top. [*Nods.*]
Hass. Why in the name of wonder, how came you thus?
Top. [*Describes in action the little old woman made him so.*
Hass. An old woman, mean you?
Top. [*Nods.*]
Hass.. What, was she here?
Top. [*Nods.*]
Hass. What, since I left the grounds?
Top. [*Nods.*]
Hass. And she—she has made you dumb?
Top. [*Nods.*]

Enter SANGUINBECK, L. H.

Hass. Here comes your companion—here's sad work to begin with, in our voyage to this island.
Sang. What has happened?
Hass. What! why this poor fellow has been struck dumb all at once.
Top. [*Nods*]
Sang. Dumb! thus far fortune befriends me; he cannot now at least betray me.
Hass. See, yonder comes your young master and his sister, ready to receive the expected guests.

Enter CHERRY *and* FAIR STAR *richly dressed*

Hass. So here's a goodly begining to our visit to this city.
Cherry. What mean you?
Hass. Only your prime secretary has lost his speech, that's all—this poor fellow is dumb.
Cherry. How came he so?
Hass. Some imp or other in the form of a decrepid old woman has flown away with his tongue.
Cherry. Is it so?
Top. [*Nods.*]
F. Star. Like an old woman say you?
Top. [*Nods.*]
F. Star. It must have been the one who foretold me, Hassanbad was not my father.
Cherry. Nay dear sister droop not. It shall be my care to console the poor fellow by every act of kindness I can bestow—so cheer up, dear sister. [*Music heard without.*] Hark! our guests are arrived. Come, come, dear sister be gay and make them welcome.

[*Various visitors assemble, ushered in by a train of servants,* L. H. U. *Cherry, Hassanbad and F. Star bid them welcome. One makes towards Sanguinbeck and takes him apart.*

Sang. To speak with me? I am a stranger to your city. What can be your business with me?

Stranger. That you shall know when we are alone.

Sang. I am uot used to be commaned thus, and——

Stranger. See you this paper? Obey or——

Sang. I do—I do—this way—this way. [*Exeunt* L. H:

Music.—Topack having noticed the interview follows them off.—sofa brought on, L. H.

Cherry. Welcome, most welcome! I am honored in your notice, and beg you freely to partake of what my means can afford, and give a loose to mirth and revelry.

CHORUS.

Let the merry cymbal sound,
In sportive measure beat the ground,
Join the joy inspiring dance,
With nimble foot each pair advance
Welcome to our Cyprian isle,
Where Venus did the hours beguile,
May your bliss each hour increase
Aud crown your ears in balmy peace.
Let the merry cymbal, &c.

[*Dancing, in which Cherry and Fair Star dance—Pas de deux—all retire up.*

SCENE IV.—*The colonade.*

Enter TOPACK, L. H. *crosses and exit* R. H.—*Enter* SANGUINBECK *and* STRANGER, L. H. [*Giaffer in disguise.*]

Sang. Now, sir, we are safe from intruders: what is the purport of this interview?

Giaf. To tell you I know you.

Sang. Know me!

Giaf. Seventeen years since, I released you from the galling fetters of a galley slave.

Sang. Ah! Giaffer, alive?

Giaf. He! [*Throws open his dress.—Music.*

Sang. Oh, do not betray me, do not consign me over to death, or what is worse, the bondage of a slave.

Giaf. Villain! you remember the conditions on which you were to purchase your liberty and life!

Sang. I do—I do.

Giaf. How comes it then, that the infants you vowed to destroy yet live? nay more, that you have dared to return with them to Cyprus?

Sang. It was my purpose at parting to have fulfilled my promise. For three stormy nights we were exposed to the fury of the elements. On the morning of the fourth, our bark got on shore on a small island, where I left them to the mercy of fate, and for sixteen years have been ignorant of their existence; when fortune cast me again on the very island where I left them. And on the self-same day, the galley that brought them hither was, by magic—for no mortal power could have achieved such a wonder—found waiting on the shore.—Some supernatural instinct compelled the youth to quit the island and embark on board the galley—I offered my service, and on the same day we all set sail.

Giaf. And why steered you to Cyprus?

Sang. In vain I strove against it—some overruling power drove the vessel to this port.

Giaf. This tale's all a trick, a fabrication; but mark me, this paper invests me with full power over your life, and by our prophet I swear it, if before the turret clock strikes ten, you do not bring me an assurance that they are dead, thy head shall pay the penalty of thy neglect—remember, e'er the turret clock strikes ten. [*Music. Exit Giaffer* L. H.

Sang. It must be so; they must die. Yes, both, both must perish by this hand. I cannot escape; no nothing but their deaths can save me. I will seek them instantly. Overcome with the sports of the dance, Cherry has betaken himself to his couch—I will watch my time, and unseen by mortal eye, strike the fatal blow. [*Exit,* L. H.

[*Music.*—TOPACK *comes trembling forward, at length he recovers and vows to follow and prevent the deed*

SCENE V.—*On one side a recess with a couch—on the opposite side a door way,* R. *in flat—Cherry is asleep on the couch, over which hangs a lamp—*SANGUINBECK *comes on cautiously,* R. D. *in flat, and* TOPACK *following—Sanguinbeck is irresolute—Topack hides behind the drapery of the couch—Sanguinbeck approaches the couch, and quits it again unable to strike.*

Sang. I—I cannot strike—my arm refuses the cruel office—no—no I cannot. [*At this time the clock strikes ten.*] Ah! 'tis the signal of my death, or his, or both. It must be—he dies. [*As he approaches the couch, Topack having hidden behind it, blows out the lamp.*] What accursed chance has extinguished the light, Ah! I hear footsteps—I must be quick. [*He again gets towards the conch when he is about to stab Cherry—Topack wrests the dagger from his hand—struggles with him—Sangninbeck falls—Cherry escapes at a window—Topack follows him.*] Foiled again! some invisible power interposes. Ah! a light: it is, it is Fair Star.

FAIR STAR *comes down the stairs with a lamp,* L. H. *goes towards the couch.—Music.*

F. Star. Cherry, dear brother—ah! not here? gone—and Sanguinbeck you here? wherefore are you in this chamber—ah! why look

so upon me? Ah! what would you? a dagger too! for what purpose are you here?

Sang. A wicked one. It was I who stole you from your parents while yet an infant——

F. Star. You!

Sang. I—the very wretch, whom fate now commands this instant to destroy you——

F. Star. Ah! for mercy spare me; think on the kindness shown you, when shipwrecked upon our coast—think of my affection to my dear brother, and spare, oh! spare me! [*On her knees.*

Sang. Let the axe or bow srring do their office—I will not perform the cruel deed. [*Raises her up.*

F. Star. Bless you! bless you!

Sang. You must away! you must fly on the instant.

F. Star. Fly whither?

Sang. Quit, quit this city.

F. Star. But my brother.

Giaf. [*without.*] Follow! to the right.

Sang. I see—I hear them come.

F. Star. Them! who?

Sang. Your foes and mine——

Giaf. [*without;*] Follow! search, search every avenue.

Sang. Away! away, if you would save your life, now while the bright moon lends her light to guide us, and to gain the vessel.

F. Star. And leave my brother—never, never——

Sang. Fear not for him! the same guardian power that has protected you both from your birth will still befriend you. Hence away! do not mistrust me, but away while yet escape is possible.

[*Exeunt,* L. H. D. *in flat.*

SCENE VI.—*The valley on the skirts of the city of Cyprus which is seen in the distance—the moon shining very bright.*

CHERRY *and* TOPACK *lying on a bank.*

The fairy PAPILLO *appears,* L. H.

Pap. Cherry awake! arise! and you his faithful vassal.

Cherry. Ah! that form, the spirit of the forest?

Pap. The same.

Cherry. Oh tell me of my sister, of Fair Star.

Pap. Fair Star is not thy sister.

Cherry. Not my sister?

Pap. No; but of royal issue are you both, and thy reward shall be thy union with Fair Star, if you encounter the dangers that interpose between you and her.

Cherry. Oh! talk not of danger, I would brave the bitterest ills of fate to be blest with Fair Star.

Pap. Seek then the dancing waters, whose powers are such that they can bestow on those, who taste of them never fading youth and beauty and joy supreme!

Cherry. Where may they be found?

Pap. In the burning forest, in the Lybian deserts; *that* once obtained, it will conduct you to the summit of Caucasus, where the green bird of the icy mountain will lead you into the presence of thy father; are you willing to make the trial?

Cherry. I am.

Pap. Be firm, fear not, overcome thy opponents, and be blessed!

[*Music.—A part of the rock opens and shews a brilliant suit of armor with a looking glass shield.*

This glittering armor of temper true,
No opposing power can subdue;
But all resistless force must yield.
Before this bright refulgent shield.

[*Topack assists Cherry to put on a breast plate and helmet—gives him the shield and sword, and also furnishes himself with arms—unsheaths and flourishes his sword.*

Arial.—CHORUS.

Cherry, Cherry, quick away,
Thy guardian genius straight obey.
The magic waters if you gain,
Every wish you will obtain.
To the burning forest speed,
Relief shall wait you at your need.
Would you save your lov'd Fair Star,
Quickly mount your friendly car.
Away! away! away!

[*The bank on which Cherry reposed changes to a war chariot drawn by eagles—Cherry and Topack get into it, which carries them off as the chorus ends.*

SCENE VII.—*The burning forest—in the midst of which stands the dancing waters in a basin—the waters bubble and have a dancing motion—the forest has the appearance of fire, by means of gas, red foil and red fire.*

Enter CHERRY *and* TOPACK *cautiously—see the waters—Cherry approaches, is repelled by the fire issuing from various parts of the earth, and he makes several attempts, is driven back by Salamanders, Serpents &c. which he encounters and compels to retreat by the reflection in the glass shield—Topack is equally valiant—a gigantic figure in fiery armor, with a shield large enough to conceal his whole frame, and with a sword of fire encounters Topack, who defends himself with a club while Cherry encounters two others—Cherry, by the reflection of his glass shield drives them off—Topack is overcome and beat to the ground, when Cherry returns, and interposes his shield between the figure in burning armor and Topack—the*

figure shrinks away appalled and sinks imperceptably through the earth—Cherry takes the silver ewer and rushing up to the fountain obtains the waters, when the whole dissapears and shows—

SCENE VIII.—*The frozen mountains of Caucasus—the green bird is perched upon the highest peak—bird sings.*

BIRD.

Gallant youth, if me you seek,
Mount this icy crowned peak,
Would you your parents know,
Climb this frozen hill of snow.

Arial.—CHORUS.

Follow! follow, wheresoe'er it go,
This rolling sparry ball of snow.

[*A ball of snow runs round the stage—Topack endeavours to catch it—he slips about—the ball after various turns runs up the ascent to the frozen peak, where the Green Bird is perched—Topack is unable to follow but Cherry succeeds in keeping his footing—when he is at the top, and is about to catch the Green Bird, it flies down into he abyss below—at the same time the peak sinks with Cherry on it, and discovers a fanciful temple of icicles, with* PAPILLO *standing on it.*

Pap. Cherry, thy trial's past, and joy and bliss shall follow. [*To Topack.*] For thy attachment to thy Prince, I restore thee to thy speech. Now Cherry, receive the bright reward of all thy sufferings. Lo, behold! [*She waves her wand and scene changes.*

SCENE IX.—*The palace of Cyprus.*

The KING *and his* BROTHER *discovered, surrounded by a brilliant court with* GUARDS, BANNERS, *&c*—CHERRY *and* FAIR STAR, *on each side of them—the King joins their hands.*

CHORUS.

Huzza! huzza! let all the nation ring.
With shouts of joy proclaim the King,
By bounteous Heaven's high behest,
With a daughters charms supremely blest!
Announce the union far and wide,
Of Cherry and his lovely bride,
Announce, &c.

THE END.

MASSEY'S
EXHIBITION RECITER
AND
DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENTS,

Being choice recitations in prose and verse, together with an unique collection of

PETITE COMEDIES, DRAMAS AND FARCES,
ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES,

BY CHARLES MASSEY,

Professor of Elocution at Burlington College, N. J., and Mechanics' Society School, N. Y.

No. 1 Contains,	No. 2 Contains,
Guy Fawkes, an "Historical Drama."	Love and Jealousy, "Tragedy."
The Man With the Carpet Bag, "Farce."	The Irish Tutor, "Farce."
White Horse of the Peppers, "Comic Drama."	Bombastes Furioso, "Burlesque Opera."
Mesmerism, "Petite Comedy,"	Sylvester Daggerwood, "Comic Interlude."
And Twelve selected pieces.	School for Orators, "Original Comedy,"
	And Eighteen selected pieces.

Price per Number, Paper Covers, 25 Cents each.

The Two Numbers, bound in Cloth, school style, 60 Cents.

Notwithstanding the great number of voluminous school readers, and speakers, that have already been published, there still exists a want, which is felt by all who delight in the practice of recitation, viz: a collection of humorous and pathetic pieces, in prose and verse, *exactly suitable* for school exhibitions, and social entertainment; this want has compelled the compiler, during a long course of teaching, to devote considerable time in gleaning from innumerable sources, for the especial use of his own pupils, such pieces as are best calculated to please both the reciter and the audience; and he believes that the result of his labor will be acceptable to those who wish to practice the important art of elocution, either for amusement or emolument. The dramatic pieces will be found quite an original feature, inasmuch as they are not mere extracts, or mutilated scenes; but although in some instances, considerably altered from the originals, they still retain an entire plot, and all the wit and humor that could consistently be preserved; and are arranged, and adapted especially for juvenile representation—everything objectionable has been carefully expunged, and they have in their *present form* received the unqualified approbation of numerous intellectual and select audiences, before whom they have been presented by the pupils of the adapter.—*Extract from the Author's Preface*

S. FRENCH,
Publisher, 121 Nassau-street, New York.

IVESON & PHINNEY,
321 Broadway, New York.

S. C. GRIGGS & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

The Belle's Stratagem

Mrs Hanna Cowley

Cherry and Fair Star

Clari or The Maid of Milan

John Howard Payne

Esmeralda

Edward Fitzball

Franklin

John Brougham

Hiawatha

Charles M'Walcot

Hofer

Edward Fitzball

Love in 76

Oliver Bunce

Inder

Lucretia Borgia

J M Heston

To Parents and Guardians

J Stirling Coyne

Spanish Wife

Samuel M Smucker

The Willow-Corpse

D L Boucicault

TUFTS UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

3 9090 005 088 527

PR 3991 .A1 C43 1800

Cherry and fair star

DATE DUE

Demco, Inc. 38-293